

behind it, where Juno sat to watch the fighting of the Eneid. Some other wonders of the neighborhood, ancient tombs, etc., made the time pass pleasantly, to say nothing of lunch, which in spite of all classics and poetry, had full as much to do with our great contentment, as anything till two o'clock. Then the horses, seemed to gain new spirit, and we went rattling down the Albanian hills, with the broad campaign before us, and far across it, against a background of hills, almost like a small hill itself, the Dome of St. Peter's. Before five o'clock we were giving up our passports, and quarrelling with custom house officers, at the gate of Rome. The same being of Thursday March 19th.

Since we have been here, we have been "doing the sights" not very systematically indeed, or in the business-like way, in which Americans go at it generally, but slowly, as the humour takes us, the ancient or the modern, Heathen or Christian, dead or living.

We have seen St. Peter's and the Colosseum—the Pope and the Pasquin—Queen Christine of Spain, and the Cloaca Maxima—and very many other things, altogether, too tedious to mention. It is fortunate that I did not come to Italy, with any very excited anticipations, for I should have been wofully disappointed. The great relics of the past, are few, scattered, and unsatisfactory. And the present of Italy is that of a putrifying corpse.

Its architecture is for the most part a collection of monstrosities—only some few of its pictures, repay the visit. The famous antique statues, are so easily copied, or reproduced in plaster, that to our unmaric eye, they were old acquaintances, long before we reached Italy, and of some of them we had got fairly tired, by their eternal repetition in every gallery we visited. There is a famous old Torso of Hercules, with mutilated legs, sticking straight out horizontally from his battered carcass, which stares you in the face, (or would, if he had any head and eyes to stare with) on a prominent pedestal everywhere till you wish he had remained un-dug up, or had at least brought his head, arms and feet with him at his resurrection. Almost the only famous statue here, which is much better than any copies I have seen is the Apollo Belvedere and that is glorious.

Pictures are not so easily copied, in all their perfections, and some of them as I have said repay the effort to see the originals, even where, as is not infrequently the case, there are two or three genuine originals, which are indistinguishable to the unpractised eye.

As for the climate of Italy, it is unfair to judge of the whole year by this season. We have had a few delicious days, as fine, as we have had at home, and a great many unpleasant ones. To day for instance, it is raining in torrents.

Systematic and orderly travellers make a point I believe of going through most of the three hundred and odd churches here, but after the few first, they become very tiresome. You see everywhere the same outrageous fronts, the same kaleidoscopic interior, all red, blue, green and gold. The same pictures of a young woman, and a naked baby, which are not and cannot be imagined to be, by any well constituted mind, the Virgin and Saviour.

The same outstretched St. Francis praying in dark corners, and salmon colored St. Sebastians tied to a tree and stuck with arrows, till his breast looks like the points of the compass or an old fashioned map. Few of the Church pictures are chef d'œuvres of first rate artists.

I love best to get away from all the adornments of modern Rome, and stroll over the almost deserted hills of the ancient city. There is little left there indeed, but a few fragmentary arches of ancient aqueducts and high piles of brick that once were palaces and baths and dilapidated tombs. But the very silence, and loneliness of the places, adds to their charms, and one can conjure up the forms of the ancient inhabitants, without having the enthusiasm and poetry all "knocked out of him" by their descendants. The Forum and Colosseum, unfortunately, lie a little too much within the present circle of population, for this, and the modern name of the forum is "Cov Market."

One cannot go there, or in fact, to any of the famous places, on a pleasant day, without meeting a dozen parties of English and Americans, "doing the place," in order, and walking about with Murray in one hand, and opera glass in the other, counting the pillars of the Temples, to make sure that they are the legitimate number mentioned by Murray, and obstinately refusing to look at anything not recommended by their oracle. I have found great advantage, in sticking to French and German guide-books, which with my very irregular method of going the rounds, have saved me from a great many bores. One gentleman with whom we visited the palaces at Genoa, can tell you exactly how many marble statues, he went up in each, but I will venture to say cannot name from recollection a picture he saw there. Between this extreme & the other—the men who have everything they have seen by heart, and who study and commit to memory every battered old lump of marble, they come across, and can tell you who painted every one of the hundred thousand Madonnas in Italy, there are all shades. But to choose the just medium—to know what to see, and what to remember, is so difficult, that I do not wonder that so few succeed in it. I do wonder however, that coming from a land, where all is life and energy where human action is developed, as it never has been before in this world, so few think it worth their while, to look at, or think of the various forms in which life exists here in these widely different circumstances. Americans seem to spend their time in studying what money can and will bring them at home, and entirely neglect the opportunity of studying these varieties of social and political life, which can only be seen in these foreign lands, and which never can be transplanted to our soil, but yet are full of lessons for us.

I have not yet answered any of the questions in your letter. But will take them in a string. Of St. Bernard dogs, I saw any quantity in Switzerland last summer, all well authenticated, and of so many various forms, sizes and colors, that I have no doubt there must have been one genuine one among them. The only difficulty being to decide which.

As for conversation, our general conversation here is a great mixture. French, being the staple, English and German the patches, for Italian, when I am driven to that, I take the first Latin word I can think of and put O or I at the end of it. I did not get converted, nor converted by German Theology, for of all things in Ger-

many, Theology is what I heard least of. And for speaking, I think I wrote in my last, some achievements in that line. And as regards study, I read a great deal in Heidelberg but mostly on topics, suggested by what I saw in travelling. Medieval and modern history, law etc. and did a little but not much hard study." QUINN.

NEWPORT DAILY NEWS.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 23, 1837.

ON THE FIRST PAGE OF THIS ISSUE—European Correspondence.

General William Walker.

Our readers will probably remember a proposition made some four or five years ago, by England and France to the United States, that the three nations should enter into an alliance, for the purpose of guaranteeing to Spain a perpetual sovereignty over the island of Cuba. Our government, wisely as we think, respectfully declined an overture made in apparent fairness, but proceeding evidently from a spirit of most consummate policy. Since that, we have had another and a very recent proof of the anxiety of these two powers, in some way and by some means or other, to entangle us in a web of European politics and diplomacy.

We allude to the contemplated hostilities against China; but thanks to the caution and intelligence of our rulers, this latter proposition met with no better success, than the former. The policy which dictated these advances for an alliance was too palpable to escape the understanding of the most obtuse in intellect. Both England and France, have long since observed, with what gigantic strides this country was approaching them in greatness, and by an *a priori* process of reasonings, justly concluded, that the time was not distant, when instead of looking up to them, to notice them at all, we should have to look down. Hence their desire to be connected with us, that our course might be impeded by the load which encumbered us. Our course from the first, has invariably been onward. We know not what it is to stand still, much less to retrograde. On every side we have extended our institutions and our political principles, and on every side our territorial sway and our popular sovereignty. On the North we have enlarged our boundaries even at the expense of England, whose policy is always to acquire, but never to cede dominion. On the East, our domain is limited only by the confines of the old world, on the West we know no boundary but the ocean, while towards the South, had we not been divided among ourselves, by that fruitful source of dissension, the Slavery question, we should probably, by this time have absorbed the whole of Mexico, and all the petty States of Central America. We should have done all this, in the same manner that England has enlarged her dominion over a comparatively small island, to an empire, on some portion of which the sun always shines, and on all parts of it never sets. But we have not always had smooth seas, pleasant weather, and favoring winds. Now and then we have encountered storms, and found the winds and currents setting strong against us. Among the various untoward events, which have retarded our progress and checked our growth, we consider the career of the Nicaragua freebooter, whose name stands at the head of this article as one of the most prominent and conspicuous. We call him a freebooter, because we like to call things by their right names, and surely the course and conduct of this notorious personage from the time when, some 8 or 10 years ago, he left his doctor's office, and his business of killing people *secundum artem* in Western Tennessee, for a larger field of practice and a more extensive, as well as a more illegal mode of disposing of the lives of his fellow men, deserves no better appellation.

Follow him up through his lawless, reckless and head strong course in Texas, in California, in Central America, and we shall find him, at all times and in all places in the hot pursuit of his own selfish views, and personal aggrandizement. A perfect outlaw, he regards or recognises no law but the law of brute force. With him might and right are convertible terms, nor does he ever doubt the existence of the latter, while he possesses a sufficiency of the former. Sacrificing life, plundering the weak and defenceless, enslaving the free and spreading desolation where all before was peace, contentment and prosperity, this has been the business of his life ever since he had obtained the maturity of manhood. He reminds us more of those rude old Danes and Saxons, who lived a thousand years ago in the dark and barbarous ages of Europe, than of the cultivated and enlightened chieftains of the 19th century. He may be regarded indeed as a rare specimen and a very striking example of Young America run mad.

That he possesses courage, ambition, enterprise we think there can be little doubt, but all of these valuable traits of character, and qualities of the mind seem to have taken an entirely wrong direction. Instead of acting in harmony with one another and all influenced and directed by a sound judgment, he appears to be almost destitute of this last quality, which is worth more than all the rest. That he has ever exhibited any of these lofty and noble qualities which mark the General and the statesman, and which naturally exalts them above their fellow men, we have yet to learn, and that he is totally deprived of that *sine qua non*

of a truly great man, firm and decided moral principle, we are most thoroughly convinced. His great and sole object seems to be reputation, no matter how obtained. To make a noise in the world, to see his name in the newspapers and hear it talked about by the people is the apex of his ambition. Instead of dispensing pills and potions, he would rather dispense the favors and power of a General or a President. He seems to belong to that unhappy class of mankind, who think that nature has designed them to make a great figure and a loud noise in the world. Yet his whole career has been one of disappointment and misfortune, the righteous retribution of his unprincipled course. Whatever luck or accident gave him to-day, he lost on the morrow by his rashness or sacrificed by his incapacity. So long as he had the field to himself he made something of a figure among the semi-barbarous inhabitants of Lower California and Nicaragua, but as soon as he found among his competitors, more of his own stamp, he first run away; is then cooped up in a besieged town, and finally to preserve his dear life, takes refuge behind the bulwarks of an English ship of war; reducing to practical experiment the truthful sentiment of the poet

"That he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

There our latest accounts leave the hero reposing upon his laurels and living upon the glories he has won. But who can give us an account of the lives he has sacrificed, the property he has squandered, the wrongs and injuries he has inflicted upon honest and industrious pursuits, or who can enumerate the countless miseries which have been endured by those who, allured by promises never intended to be realized, and hopes known to be groundless, have rallied to his standard, and endeavored to keep afloat his sinking fortunes. The sober second thought should have taught them better things than to have embarked their fortunes in the cause of a man, who, whether successful or not, can be looked upon in no other light than an unprincipled land-pirate. But, alas! with most of them it is too late to repent and turn back.

The bones of thousands of poor victims, who but a short time since, went from our midst, full of golden hopes and anticipations, are now whitening the plains of Nicaragua and bleaching beneath the sun of the torrid zones, and their sad fate is mourned over in bitter tears by mothers, wives and children at home. Other thousands with broken hearts, ruined constitutions, penniless and in rags, are crawling like wounded snakes, homeward to seek for shelter and repose, bitterly cursing in the anguish of their jaded souls the name of Nicaragua, and still more bitterly the name of William Walker.

Election Day in Newport and its Associations.

On Tuesday next, the 26th inst. the Legislature of this State will assemble at the State House in this city, to organize the State Government for the ensuing political year. In our remarks on this subject, we shall confine ourselves to a few general observations upon this event, considered as a holiday among all classes of the Sovereign people, leaving the report of official proceedings to be noticed at their appropriate seasons.

The prospect for a large gathering of our fellow citizens from other parts of the State, particularly Providence, is bright and promising, as is also the prospect for a week of pleasant weather. Among the days set apart and devoted to festivity and recreation in this State, election day ranks second only to commencement day in Providence, but although each of these gala days is always looked forward to, by all ages and both sexes, as seasons of pleasure and amusement, yet it is evident that neither of them have, of late years, excited in all parts of the State so general and absorbing an interest as formerly. This may in part be merely a conceit of our own, arising more from the fact of our becoming older and losing the interest which Election day always had to tickle the fancies of our boyhood. Still we believe the interest of the people generally to be present, and partake in person of the festivities of the occasion has in some measure declined; and were it not for the greatly improved facilities of traveling, we hardly think that, neither of the days we have above alluded to, would present many attractions except to the children, and those whose business required them to be present.

In the early history of our State, while yet a mere colony, dependant upon England and deriving all civil and political privileges through a charter from the crown, the freeman who wished to have a voice in the election of Governor, was obliged to come in person to Newport, or send his vote by an obliging neighbor. His vote by a word peculiar to this State, was called his *prox*, derived as we understand it, from the latin word *proximus*, signifying next, on account of its usually being sent by the nearest or next neighbor. But times are changed and we are changed with them. We hear but little now of that almost obsolete word *prox*. We do our voting at home by ballot, and go to election only to get an office, or have a frolic. One custom however seems to remain as fixed and unchanged by time as the laws of the Medes and Persians. As far back as our memory runs, nay, as far as the memory of that time honored personage, the oldest inhabitant can go back into the

time past, the custom of having egg-pops and boiled eggs with colored shells, has been fixed and unchangeable; and we feel as confident on Tuesday next of the company of these old and familiar acquaintances as we do of seeing the Governor. Indeed it may be a question whether we could have a valid and constitutional election without them. They have become part and parcel of the ancient laws and usages of the State, and are held so sacred, that no one among our honored legislators, has been found bold enough to risk his reputation, in proposing their repeal. They are in fact our common law, inherited from our ancestors, and in the language of certain English judges, *notum mutare illos*. We will not change them.

LOCAL NEWS.

THE SCRAPE THE MALL TREES GOT INTO.—We regret to inform our readers that the venerable trees in our triangular Park, have got into a regular scrape. Timothy—(everybody knows Tim.) under the direction of somebody who thought he could C-as-well, as anybody, their necessities, has peeled the dead bark, and moss from their great trunks, and they are now as clean and handsome, as when—as when—as when—Aurora first flung the rosy rays of golden light, with gorgeous glitter, and effulgent splendor, upon their fragile youthful forms, and the balmy dews, heaven born, descended and silently bathed their budding foliage with pearly moisture!—When! if we didn't perspire over that sentence! By the way, speaking of trees reminds us—Why is the centre of a tree like the tail of a dog? Because its furthest from the bark!—Seriously though, we are glad to see that somebody has had the courage to scrape the Mall trees, and we hope that all owners of old, disensed, moss grown, ragged trees, will buy a scraper, employ "Tim," and get their umbrageous miscellanies into a scrape.

"SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR."—When I what shall we do "when Doctors Disagree"? Oh I see, apply the Homeopathic rule and let them "cure one another." "Like cures like," is a funny basis for medical science to be sure. We always found it so with the girls (bless their hearts), the more we liked them, the less they like us, and some close observer of human nature has based a science on't, Shade of Hahnemann! great, in that thou hast reached a cure for bodily ills out of the dictations of thy salad days! "Like cures like," Arsenic for Arsenic, Sea voyage and Salt Pork for scurvy! I was more wisdom ever crowded out of the brains of dear old Sol Gills, who as Captain Cudde had it, was "chock full of science." Give us by preference the regular dose of Iron, yea, though in the shape of a forty-two pound shot, than more arsenic, should we fall a victim to that "jocund white powder."

How is it neighbor Merchant about that Election advertising? Don't you want to do a good business Election week, if you do, don't forget to advertise, for as our paper is bound to circulate largely among the throngs that will fill our streets next week. You would do well to get up your sign in it. It is not yet too late. Every day next week will tell, mark our word for it.

Newport, May 22, '37.

MR. EDITOR.—I beg leave to call the attention of your readers to an article in your issue of yesterday signed "Alumnus," to convince them that when a homeopathic Doctor relieves his patients of any serious disorder, it is by resorting to remedies used by physicians who are instructed in the broad principles of medical science. If they wish to be convinced of this fact let them read his article with great care.

Respectfully yours,
W. ARGYLE WATSON.

In New York the past week fresh beef has advanced two cents per pound, in consequence of a temporary scarcity of cattle in market.

Green peas from the South have made their appearance and are sold at from 50 to 63 cents per half peck.

Strawberries are also offered in market at the very moderate price of one dollar and fifty cents per box, containing or said to contain one quart each.

The Southern early vegetables are some two or three weeks later in market this year than usual.

COURT OF JUSTICES.

FRIDAY, MAY 22.

State vs. Franklin Brown of the Break of day house, for passing counterfeit money, continued on motion of the defendant to a week from next Tuesday. The court required \$600 bonds in default of which he was committed.

Leonard Scott & Co's. republication of the Edinburgh Review is before us. Its contents are very inviting, and that part of them which we have digested compares favorably with its excellent predecessors. It can be obtained at Tilley's Newspaper and Periodical Stores, No's. 128 and 190 Thames Street.

The funeral of Samuel Freeborn Jr. will take place at his fathers residence, Battry street, on Sunday at 12 o'clock, noon, instead of Tuesday, as was mentioned in yesterdays issue.

A NOVEL APPLICATION OF HOMOEOPATHIC SCIENCE.—"Similia, Similibus Curantur," "Set a rogue to catch a rogue."

We are requested to say that Mr. Tourjee's Juvenile Singing School will meet this afternoon at Downing's Hall opposite the Atlantic House.

GENERAL NEWS.

Correspondence of the News.

NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1837.

Mr. Editor.—We have been, for the last two days, victimized by a cold, tedious rain, accompanied by a chilly north wind, which has made our multitudinous "peoples" more uncomfortable, I think, than they had been at any time since last winter. The trees had many of them put on their fresh bright dresses for the season; the grass in the public yards had really began to look handsome; and gay flowers in profusion were blooming in the gardens of the suburbs, and in hundreds of gay bouquets about the market places; but this cold rain-storm has seemed to set us back to the most dismal uncomfortable week in November—the month when some men's cheerfulness and hope seem utterly to fail them, and they think gloomily of life, the poor house, and suicide.

The troubles in our municipal affairs, growing partly out of the war of the charters and the recent legislative action in regard to this city, and largely out of the unprincipled, incompetent and reckless character of our leading officials,—are no wise diminished, but rather increase in complexity, confusion and sad entanglement, until sober citizens begin to dream of French Revolutions, vigilance committees, and utter anarchy. I am not yet a believer in the probability of any of these things, as likely to happen here and now, just before the advent of the great comet; but it certainly is not easy, in the present posture of affairs here, to tell "what a day may bring forth."

As to that terrible comet, by the way, the Cambridge astronomers have been taking a series of careful observations of the celestial monster; and they allege that the supposed danger, which has been all along set down for next month (June) is already past—the comet aforesaid having made its nearest possible approach to our poor trembling planet on the 8th inst., when it actually came within Twenty millions of miles or thereabouts! It is now some millions of miles farther off, and is constantly speeding outward at a rate which makes the flight of a swift locomotive appear like the slow pace of an ox-team in comparison.

The fearless and masterly exposure of the iniquity of Slavery and of the Dred Scott decision, which has been made by the Rev. Dr. Cheever of this city, in a series of Sunday evening discourses in his church at Union Square, has at last aroused the temper of the pro-slavery part of his congregation, and they sent him a letter a few days since signed by some 16 pow-holders, requesting him to resign his pastoral charge. The Doctor referred the subject to a special meeting of the members of his church, requesting the particular attendance of every individual; the meeting was held on Monday evening—the letter was laid before it, with some remarks by Dr. C., and a strong vote endorsing and approving of the course of the pastor was the result—a resolution to that effect being passed by more than two to one, (some reports say it was unanimous, but this is improbable.)—Dr. Cheever gave, by the way, on Sunday evening, a powerful and eloquent lecture on the duty of the church and clergy of this country relative to the protection and education of the colored race.

The papers have all chronicled the alleged flight of Brigham Young, the great apostle of mormonism, from his capital Salt Lake City; but late intelligence from that quarter shows the rumor to have been unfounded, Brigham was still on hand, exemplifying and adorning the doctrine of popular sovereignty.

The price of beef and veal is again going up, and there is no telling what is to be the limit of the butchers' demands. We are now paying fully twice as much for most kinds of eatables, as was the current rate here at a period quite freshly within my own recollection—the single article of Flour excepted. Butter, Cheese, Lard, Sugar, etc. being fully double the old prices; most kinds of meat, whether salt or fresh, also potatoes, miserable poor quality, range from \$1.50 upwards; and all vegetables are cruelly high. Apples, (choice kinds) have actually sold within a few days,—not in small quantities either, at ten and even twelve dollars per barrel!

The news from Europe, by the Niagara reports a rising market for breadstuffs not only in England but largely upon the Continent.

RAMBLER.

"Chit-Chat of humor, wit and anecdote with fifty original illustrations from designs by J. McLenan. Edited by Pierce Fungent. Stringer and Townsend. New York."

If any of our readers like good jokes and a good hearty laugh they have it in this work. It comprises much genuine American humor, which is arranged and illustrated in the most attractive style. The preface alone is worth one half of the price of the whole, and we will venture to say that whoever gets an inside look will be certain to purchase for the amusement of an idle hour this complete carpet bag of wit and fun.

For sale by Charles E. Hammett, Jr.

TROOPS FOR UTAH.—The government will send 2,500 men to Utah forthwith, to be garrisoned within 40 miles of Salt Lake, and ready for any emergency. The indications from Utah are,—that Brigham Young is preparing to fight his way into power.—Our despatches show that the foreign born Mormons and immigrants are his chief adherents and abettors.—N. Y. Express.

[Reported for the Daily News.]

SUMMER MANSIONS RENTED 1837.

DAILY NEWS Office, at 1 o'clock, Saturday, May 23d.

We publish below a list of all the Houses which have been rented for the "season" to our knowledge up to this date, and should be pleased to have agents and others engaged in this business bring in any additions to the list which we have not been able to obtain. We shall probably insert the list again in the course of a week or two if the additions warrant it:—

Wm. W. De Forest of New York, J. G. Weaver's house, South Touro street. Samuel Wetmore of New York, Capt. Littlefield's house, Pelham street. C. Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, Wm. Spooner's house, John st.

Mrs. Whittemore, of Boston, Mrs. R. B. Gardner's house, Pulham street. Richard Bayard, of Phila., Clark's house, on Buth Road.

Mr. Robinson, of New York, Wm. S. Voss's house, Bath Road and Touro st.

Mr. Roser, of Savannah, Ga., Mrs. Engle's house, Kay-st.

Baron Stoeckl, Russian Minister, the house on Bellevue Av., opposite Mr. Wetmore's.

J. S. Van Rensselaer, of Long Island, Mrs. Derby's house, on Pelham-st.

Alexander Duncan, of N. York,—James Phalen's Villa, on Bellevue Av.

Wm. A. Hadden, of New York, has taken Alex. M. McGregor's stone house on "Haddon Hill."

Mr. Isaac Roosevelt, of New York, Miss M. E. Gray's cottage on Narragansett Avenue.

Wm. C. Rhinelander, of New York, Misses' Turner's house on Clay street.

Henry E. Pierrepont, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Henry B. Hazard's house on Bellevue Court.

Dr. Mercer, of New Orleans, S. T. Hopkins's house, Cottage street.

J. R. Murry, Mrs. Nichol's house, Bull street.

Mr. W. L. Coles, of New York, James L. Hazard's Cottage, Kay street.

Mr. Drughon, of N. Y., G. Hazard's Cottage, Catherine street.

Louis de Saulles—of New York, Wm. Jones house on the Harrison farm.

H. Chauncey, Jr. of New York has taken Mrs. Ritchie's Villa on Bellemue Avenue.

Mr. Kennedy, of New York, Mrs. Cleveland's.

Mr. Henry Van Rensselaer, of N. Y., J. S. Clark's house, Dixon's lane.

Daniel Parish, of N. Y., Mrs. Ruggles's stone house.

Andrew Low, of Savannah, J. A. Hazard's house on Atlantic street.

F. L. Barreda, of N. Y., Mr. Jones' Villa, Bellevue Avenue.

W. Walker, of N. Y., J. Wilbourn's Cottage, Dixon lane.

W. H. Swift, Boston, J. H. Clark's house, Bellevue Avenue.

Henry P. Duncan, Scotland, Mr. C. Rhodes, house, (Shaw estate) Touro street.

Dr. Geo. Terrell, Georgia, Mrs. T. J. Peckham's large house.

Thomas S. Gibbs, N.Y., G. Borden Hazard's, Dixon lane.

Mrs. Cole, N. Y., J. McKaye's, cor. Kay & Bull streets.

George Bacon, Boston, George Armstrong's, Bellevue Avenue.

N. Matthews, Boston, Mrs. Ludlow's house, Kay street.

James Lenox, N. Y., Luther Bateman's, South end of Thames-st.

Mrs. C. K. Griffin, N. Y., the large house on the Gibbs farm.

E. A. Bourn, Boston, Powell's house in Grenough Court.

Mr. Borland, Boston, Wm. Bailey's house, Middletown.

A. B. Belknap, N. Y., Dudley place, Middletown.

Richard Parker, Doston, Benj. Hazard's house, Bellevue Avenue.

W. Jones, N. Y., Edward King's house on Harrison farm.

Mr. LeRoy, N. Y., do. do.

Mr. Rutherford, N. Y., do. do.

Moses Taylor, N. Y., Goff's house on beach road.

Alex. Van Rensselaer, N. Y., S. E. Tilley's, Middletown.

Mrs. Wm. Fisher, Elizabethtown, N. J., J. H. Cozens, John street.

Rev. F. A. Eustis, Mass., Jno. Ward's house East side of Beach.

Mr. Edward Tweedy, of N. Jersey, Job Wilbourn's house, Washington street.

Mr. S. Haskell and Dr. Warner, N. Y., Mrs. Murry's house, Pelham street.

Dr. Charles Davis, Charleston, Dr. Butler's house, do. do.

Mr. Edward Brinly, Phila., Mrs. Pearce's house, Bridge street.

J. Mason Campbell, Eng., of Baltimore, Mumford Hazard's house, near the Cliffs.

Maturin Livingston, New York, Geo. A. Armstrong's house, Clay street.

We have just heard that Mr. Staigg's house, in Pulham street, has been rented to parties from New York, unknown to us.

As will be seen we have made several additions and corrections to the above list, and by special request publish it again to-day.

We have taken considerable pains to collect this list, and editors will please bear this fact in mind and give us the customary credit for the same.

We understand from Alfred Smith, Esq., that he has now about twenty more houses to rent, and we are also informed that the demand for them is increasing and that there will probably be many more wanted this season than can be furnished.

Arrivals at the Hotels.

ACQUINSECK HOESE, (PHILIP RIDER.) R. P. Silver, Prov. Thomas B. Albro, Prov. C. A. Church, Boston Mrs. S. S. Jewell, N.Y. F. Diaper, N.Y. E. Fuchs, N.Y. O. D. Munn, N.Y. G. West, Prov. J. H. Gilliat, Conn. Geo. Kellogg, Boston W. C. Wilcox, N. York H. T. Miller, E. York Lewis Kalkaldt, N. Y. H. S. Almy, Georgia.

Marine Intelligence.

PORT OF NEWPORT.

ARRIVED.

MAY 22.—Dark Banahse, McKenzie, Pictou for Providence; schr Thatcher, Taylor, Providence for Norfolk.

WANTED Immediately—A good, honest, steady man, to drive an ice wagon; apply to J. L. CRANSTON, agent.

ELECTION Baskets—10 dozen different sizes for election, to be filled with blue eggs, confectionary, &c., as the customer may want in our line, at 79 Thames-st. m 23

R. WILSON.

